

# ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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## ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

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### EXTRACTS FROM A SPEECH OF WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

After a few words expressing his happiness in meeting the abolitionists of Eastern Pennsylvania, his brethren as the children of a common father, and his brethren also as engaged in a common cause and impelled by common desires for the triumph of truth, and right, and for the slave's deliverance, the speaker went on to remark upon the solemnity and importance of the question before them. We should not act rashly, he said, there should be nothing impulsive in our movements. Not that we should wait to know what effect our course may have on ourselves—our ease or prosperity or good name. I am sure, will be the motto of our banner, in the day when such considerations can make us hesitate about advancing in the path of duty. We should ask only what is right—not what is popular—or popular? We are not to follow the multitude to do evil.

I see a large portion of those before me, who ought to be disunionists, who, though their rights are as dear and as precious as ours, are treated as non-entities by your government, and by your political parties. Whigs and Democrats profess with equal zeal to go for equal political rights, but both unite in depriving half the race of their rights. And Liberty party differs not in the least from the other parties, as to its practical contempt of women. That government has no just authority but what it derives from the consent of the governed, is a principle laid down, not by reckless fanatics, but by the greatest statesmen of the country. It is the Nation's avowed doctrine, yet in defiance the government claims and exercises authority over those whose consent has never been given or asked. How can Christians or patriots support such a government?

Who are most likely to be blinded in regard to this question?—and who are most likely to be impartial? For the union are those who are willing to remain in political association with the profligate and the unprincipled, that they may obtain political power. They want the power, they say, which cannot be obtained, but they want it to make a good use of it. Be it so, yet I fear the man who wants power. For what does he want it? To make me do what I think is right, not what my own conscience requires of me. They who defend the Constitution are on the side of honor and emolument, and men love these. Their course puts them in the way to their own preferment, ours cuts us off from all chance of preferment, with its emoluments and honors, other things being equal, they are likely to be blinded rather than we.

It has been said or intimated, that we have no right to introduce the Non-Resistance question here. But they who say this, have introduced it; we have not. The Non-Resistance question is not involved in that which we are now discussing. It is not whether we shall go for no government, but whether we shall support this government. We stand in regard to this matter, where the Covenanters do, and they are far enough from being Non-Resistants.

If any are here who are not abolitionists, if any who are abolitionists only when it is popular to be such, if any who are abolitionists only so far as they can thereby promote their own interests, or any who instead of making truth their guide, follow any man as an oracle, to then I make no appeal; I speak only to those who mean to follow the truth at whatever cost, for there is need now of a firm trust in God, and resolute purpose to abide by the right. Times move trying about our fathers' aid, await us, and we are to go through a more severe ordeal of our faith in God and trust in man, than any to which they were called. Hence none will rally with us around this banner but those who are ready to bear it onward through persecution and reproach, for if the cause is to advance they must go forward.

All abolitionists are agreed as to the principles of abolitionism; the right of all men to be free, the sinfulness of slaveholding, the duty of immediate emancipation; but in the application of these principles we are not all agreed. There is a wide and honest difference of opinion; and this should not excite surprise, for the minds of men are not alike in their growth. Though all should start together, yet some must go forward. There is no decision for imposing to each other wrong

motives for such differences. The true man does not win at the dissent or the rebukes of his associates, but relies on his being in the right, and if unjustly accused does not cry out impudently and fly into a passion. All concede that it is not enough to denounce the system of slavery as sinful. The slaveholders themselves can do that. They admit it is wrong and a curse, but all that is not enough to abolish it. War is everywhere admitted to be a great evil, but still the work of slaughter goes on, and men train themselves to engage in it. But to make our principles of any avail, we must hold them practically, and not in the abstract merely. It is a serious question, who are the friends of liberty? Are all who profess to be? No. The American people profess republicanism, but in their practice are a band of robbers. We cannot take their professions on trust. If the State claims to be republican, we will explain it by the light of republican principles, and if its practice is at war with its profession, we will brand it as despotic. If the church claims to be anti-slavery, we will try it by the law of God, and if it cannot abide that, we will treat it as anti-Christian and diabolical.

We are connected with various associations, political and religious, and it is hard to give them up. Here comes a strong temptation to do wrong for the sake of remaining in them; to go with the multitude to do evil, rather than stand alone, or with the despised few for the right, and forego the connections which have been so dear to us. But we must resist all such temptation if we would be faithful to the cause of the slave, and successful in laboring for his deliverance.

I stand here to affirm that in saying, that consistency with our principles requires us to withdraw from the pro-slavery organizations of the country, not excepting its pro-slavery government, I bring in no proscription, doctrine, nor one which is injurious to any one on the anti-slavery platform. I hold to the largest liberty on that platform, for all who believe in the right of the slave to be free immediately. They may differ as to the mode of action, and each has a right to undertake his own chosen method. Some believe in the use of free produce, as an important means of aiding the cause, and regard abstention from the products of slave labor, as an anti-slavery duty. They have a right to express that opinion, and to do it in no proscription of those who do not adopt it.

So of our own course in relation to political parties. Shall the Whig or the Democratic abolitionist say that we are proscriptive, because we declare it to be inconsistent with anti-slavery principles to act with those parties while they remain in a pro-slavery position, or to support their pro-slavery candidates? Nay, he interferes with my rights as an abolitionist, if he prevents me from speaking such a sentiment; and if he runs off because I speak it, he shows that he cannot remain where the truth is spoken. But it is called proscription, to say that the Constitution is a bloody compact; a league with oppression, which we ought not to support or sanction by our votes. We must not call abolitionists inconsistent when they swear to support such a pro-slavery Constitution. I do not assent to this doctrine. I thank any man who faithfully rebukes my inconsistency. The life of our cause is in our willingness to hear all, in the spirit of manly honesty.

We have often adopted resolutions that it is not consistent for abolitionists to belong to the Whig and Democratic parties, on account of their pro-slavery character; and now some of the same persons who have advocated these resolutions, condemn us for saying it is inconsistent for them to belong to a pro-slavery confederacy, and promise support to a pro-slavery Constitution. They accuse us of doing the same thing in principle, which New organization did in 1839 and 1840, when it sought to force upon the Anti-slavery society, the doctrine of the rightfulness of human governments and the duty of voting to create and uphold them—matters on which it was not our province to decide either way. But the charge is unjust, for we do not teach the duty of not voting, or that human government is wrong and ought not to be supported; we only say that abolitionists cannot consistently vote for, create, or support a pro-slavery government. This is a purely Anti-slavery doctrine.

### From the Arena.

#### LIBERTY PARTY IN CONNECTICUT.

Mr. FARRON—I wish to address a few thoughts to the Abolitionists, and people in Windham county, through the columns of your paper with reference to the Liberty Party Association, recently held in Danielsonville, and my attendance as an anti-slavery man. The "Christian Freeman" incidentally came into my hands, and I found an invitation to "every anti-slavery man and woman who can attend, to appear at a Liberty Association of Windham county, armed and equipped with courage and zeal commensurate with the work before them." I have been actively engaged, as an enemy to American Slavery, in the field in open opposition to it for the last seven or eight years. I have warned against slavery in season and out of season; it all times—in all places without ceasing. This I need not tell off; it is well known; my life has been a "living epistle against slavery, known and read of all men."

When I engaged in the anti-slavery enterprise, it was with a principle of right; against an enormously wicked system of wrong and outrage. I entered the field as

an unrepining enemy to slavery, for the campaign, be it long or short. I had understood at the time the strength of the foe with which I had made war—how many strong holds—fortifications, and covert, it had; how it had endeavored to obtain a strong foothold in every class of society. Clinging myself with the people of truth, I went forth with the liberal and commenced an attack. I followed the enemy into the whig and democratic parties, and heard its friends crying, "this is not the greatest devil!" "We are choosing the least of evils." I made no compromise—I followed on and the enemy fled into the Church, Theological schools and Ecclesiastical bodies which shut their doors upon me, saying "touch not the Lord's anointed; you are going to excite and divide the church, and destroy the ministry." I made no compromise. I followed the enemy on into the very citadel of the government—into their very frame work—and found its vital and animating spirit slavery. I applied my principle of right. I have made no compromise—no union with slavery—and I hear God saying to all, "your covenant with death and agreement with hell shall be disannulled."

I was educated an orthodox congregationalist—and to believe that every principle of right was given to us as a rule of conduct; and that it is the duty of all to apply these principles to every thing and to every body, and whatever would not stand the test, to regard it as wrong and unworthy of countenance. Thus I have rigidly, conscientiously, and unflinchingly applied my anti-slavery principles—to the people, the parties, the church, clergy, theological and religious institutions, and to the government, and I found their "power on the side of the oppressor—while the poor slave had no comfort." I am a comrade from the whig and democratic parties, because they are slaveholding. I must be without partiality and hypocrisy. I am a comrade from the church, because as James C. Birney says, it is "the bulwark of American Slavery"—and God says "come out of her, that ye partake not of her sins and receive not of her plagues." I come out from the clergy, because they baptize and marry slavery, and as Gerrit Smith says, "they constitute the most corrupt and dangerous set of men in the land."

Because it has entered into a slaveholding, slave-trading, slave-breeding compact with hell—and no one can be other than a comrade from it, who is an abolitionist. And now I must not shrink from applying my principles to the so termed Liberty Party—the members of which profess to be opposed to Slavery. I find it very ready to admit my principle of right and apply it to the whig and democratic parties, and unite with me in crying come out—be ye separate from them—to recognize no man as anti-slavery, who continue in connection and labor with them—as did Porter, Ainsworth, also Booth, Hammond at the Liberty Party meeting—and here we part. I ask them to make the like impartial application of their principles to the American Church—"the bulwark of slavery"—which sanctifies the system and every cry hands off—you wish to "abolish the church?" "You hate the church?" "Your object is to destroy the church under the garb of anti-slavery." Such charges were used by Porter, Booth, and the clergy present. Thus the church sanctifies and defends slavery; and the Liberty Party is in full league with the church, crying against come out; defending the church, whigs and democrats, by it to get their votes—to get office and power.

The politics of the Liberty party can be no better than their religion, and that is slave holding. Its leaders carefully avoid the church question in its relation to slavery—they will talk about every other obstacle but that of the church—as Porter and his fellow laborers did at Danielsonville—and if others introduce the church, they defend her—doubt her over—call her anti-slavery—as Porter and Ainsworth did—and offer you a rebuke as Booth and Porter and others did for introducing the subject.

The church is in league with slavery, and Liberty party in league with the church—and the latter more criminal than the former because of its light and professions. It is under the necessity of being so to get votes. Porter "let the cat out of the bag"—to the chagrin of Liberty party leaders. He undertook in common with other leading Liberty party spirits to put a padlock upon my lips—but their presiding officer, and a majority of the meeting, were not so lost to anti-slavery principles, to allow it—they have unwittingly been ejected into the party, and without fairly seeing their position, united with the party to vote—slavery down. The leading spirits must keep their lips, and to do so know they must keep dark. Mr. Porter, presiding Elder in the Meth. Episc. Church (a church rotten with slavery from centre to circumference)—author of a work against come-outism—enthusiastically enjoyed upon the Liberty party to countenance no free discussion meetings. He would not engage in them—neither would the clergy and church; and they had stood aloof from the cause in consequence of them; they would not attend, to be abused, traduced, rebuked; and he also emphatically said "depend upon one thing, if you open your doors to free discussion, you will make but a very few converts." Cry heart! heart! Yes free discussion is death to the Liberty party—for it is a slaveholding party, uniting with the church

to sanctify slavery—and the government to defend it, and protect it, and the truth is the only antidote it swears to do so at any rate—and if it takes the oath to get into office, merely, it is the meanest kind of perjury. If it takes the oath to support the Constitution with a mental reservation, as Mr. Birney says he is prepared to do—it indicates a laxity of morals—a moral degeneracy which would cause even slavery to blush for shame. If it swears to support the constitution (an instrument of authority—a rule of conduct—for every member of the government with all the other members)—claiming the right of individual interpretation, when the bargain—the compact provides the interpreting power, and makes their decision law—then Liberty party is truly a disorganizing, no-government party—for if we have fifteen millions of interpreters of the Constitution—it has no meaning—no force—no authority—and we have no government—it is nullified. These individual interpreters are nullifiers, to all intents and purposes—Liberty party men are in an awkward dilemma—crying, come out from the whig and democratic parties—refusing to vote for any one of those parties, whether he be deacon, elder, bishop, minister, or layman—but advocating union with and support of these very men in the church. The Congregational and Methodist ministers in Danielsonville were present, to hear the claims of Liberty party upon them and their churches for their votes. I suppose they had been made to understand that they would be in no danger of getting a rebuke, as the leading spirits of the meeting were Reverends I. C. Rev. James Porter, Rev. Charles Ainsworth, Rev. Mr. Otis, Rev. Mr. Hammond, Rev. Sherman M. Booth—all in the church. I infer from the fact that the Congregational minister died, when his church was being called in question, and the fact held up that all the meeting houses in the village were closed, and the meeting had to be held in a mechanic's shop. I infer it from the dagger looking countenances of the priests and their attempts to defend these churches. I infer it from the declarations of Porter, endorsed by the silent assent of all the other speakers—that free discussion meetings would not answer their purpose—they would not make many converts. I infer it from the declaration of Porter that if the whigs and democrats would come and sit in silence and hear him he would convert one half them, if they, like the sectarian hearers, would open their mouths, and gulp down like gossamer, what he pleased to give them. Liberty party is in an awkward dilemma also, while it admits slavery to be an immorality—or sin to be abandoned immediately—and yet in order to abolish this immediately, it swears to support it. Or to get rid of this charge, dishonestly claim the right of private interpretation, or of mental reservation, or doing evil that good may come—i. e.—in order to get an influence—to get power, swear to support slavery for the present, hoping by and by to have the Constitution amended. O, they say your come-outers from the church and government ought to quit the country—and the Rev. Charles Ainsworth, Rev. Mr. Porter and Booth, all cried out very easily about duty. "Yes, do duty at all events, without regard to consequences"—and yet, turned pale, globe-like, when a word was said about abolishing slavery from the Methodist church and the government. "Oh, the dreadful consequences," you will have to quit the nation.

There are many men in the Liberty party, sincere friends of the slave, who will not remain in the party long, after they see their position in that party in full fellowship with the oppressor. Many of my choice friends are in that party—many of them members of the American Anti-Slavery society. I know their zeal and devotion to the cause—they have not studied their relation and support to slavery in the church and state through this party as they ought. They wish to have free discussion. No, say the Liberty party leaders, it is dangerous, and henceforth Liberty party meetings are to be closed against free discussion in Windham county, are they? Porter says they are in Massachusetts, and he said the truth—the church and the clergy would not attend these other-wise. Liberty party meetings in N. York, and throughout the country, are opposed to free discussion—except the discussion be all on their side.

Will the abolitionists of Windham county be ejected into such a party? I know of some who got their eyes open, at the demonstration which that party made of its character at the meeting in Danielsonville. I speak advisedly, I speak soberly, that if I were to act on the principle of "doing evil that good may come," I would support the whig or democratic party before the Liberty party. Such men as John Q. Adams, are to be honored for their consistency, to say the least, while the Liberty party are grossly inconsistent and immoral, and exhibit a moral degradation which the other parties never dreamed of. Thine truly for the slave, and for "no union with slaveholders."

E. D. H.

### From the Ohio State Journal.

#### THE ABDUCTION CASE.

We learn from the Marietta Intelligencer that an impression prevails that the Grand Jury would not have found a bill against the abducted citizens, had not a witness been found at a late hour, who testified that there was water in their shoes when they were examined on the Virginia shore, and therefore it was concluded they had been in Virginia

water to help the negroes escape. The information contained in the following paragraph from the Intelligencer, will go far to increase the feeling in this State against the slaveholders of Virginia. If the facts are truly represented, we must be permitted to say, without wishing to indulge in mere invective, in so grave a matter, that it exhibits our neighbors in no very favorable light, and proves that they are disposed to add injury to insult. They have already outraged humanity and justice by their proceedings; they will yet learn that they cannot with impunity trample on the rights of citizens of Ohio.

A word about bail. Bail was required in Virginia. A number of citizens of Ohio, men of wealth and character, offered to become responsible to any citizens of Virginia who would bail the prisoners. The indemnifying bond was signed by a large number of our wealthy citizens, and besides this one of the signers offered to give his individual note for the amount of the bail to a citizen of Virginia if he would enter into recognizance for their appearance. Two gentlemen consented to give bonds if a third man could be obtained to engage jointly with them. A young gentleman of unimpeachable pecuniary responsibility voluntarily offered to do so, but as he was not a freeholder (his property being, at least a portion of it, in bank stock,) he was refused. The sum total of the matter is, that after the most important entreaties, and although undoubted and abundant security was offered, bail in the sum of fifteen hundred dollars could not be obtained in Virginia; and our citizens, kidnapped by lawless ruffians, must remain in jail until the middle of November before they can be tried—for acts done in this State! Whether they will be tried even then, will probably depend upon the health or disposition of the Prosecuting Attorney.

We may say further, that one of the prisoners, Thomas, is in such feeble health that it is doubtful whether he will live until the next session of the Court.

The following item also appears in the Intelligencer. In reference to two of these men we suspect the claim of jurisdiction is as good as that set up in the case of those who are retained in prison in defiance of law and even the semblance of justice. We shall await, however, further developments before we speak of what is here alluded to; premising only that this case is not a new one, but one which has been before the public eye.

FURTHER INDICTMENTS.—The Grand Jury of Wood county, at its session last week not only indicted the three abducted citizens now in Parkersburg jail, but also three others (viz: Burdon Stanton, Tims Shotwell, and Joseph Romaine,) for being engaged with them in aiding the escape of Harwood's slaves. Stanton and Shotwell are citizens of Ohio. Romaine is now a resident of this State, having removed here from Virginia, some days after the occurrence. It is said that a messenger has been despatched to Richmond for a requisition from the Governor of that State upon Gov. Barley, of Ohio, for their delivery as fugitives from justice. Is not this the true reason why the trial of the men now in jail at Parkersburg was postponed?

NOT BY THE BALLOT BOX.—A correspondent of the Christian Reflector writes, June 9th:

"The truth is,—and I write it with a glow of hallowed gratitude to God—slavery is dying in Maryland. It may linger, like a serpent with a wonderful head but it must die. I had a conversation yesterday with a Connecticut farmer, who has moved into this region, and is cultivating his lands by free labor. The effect of this single effort is already felt for miles around. Other farmers, natives of the soil, are beginning to profit by his example. In this quiet way, with the eloquence of industry, his arguments being those of the plow and the harrow, he is pleading the cause of emancipation, and winning his countrymen to her peaceful standard. Heaven speed such toils."

"A Kentuckian" has written a noble vindication of Cassius M. Clay which we find in the Philadelphia Gazette. The writer denies that the mass of the people of Kentucky justify the conduct of the Lexington mob. He insists that Mr. Clay's views of slavery are "the views of three-fourths of the people of his native State." Nor was the outrage at Lexington so much the result of hostility to the principle advocated by Mr. Clay, as of enmity to him personally. The Wickliffe and Marshalls of that State hate him with a fiendish hatred, and they availed themselves of some indiscreet remarks of their noble victim to accomplish by the fury of a mob what they were too dastard to attempt individually. But what have the miserable cravens gained! The scattered materials of the "True American" will prove to be to the cause of human freedom and liberty of speech, what the blood of the martyrs always has been to religion—the seed from which will spring up millions of zealous advocates of the principle which the Lexington scoundrels have sought by violence and blood, to smother.

LONG YARDS.—A rope has been completed in England for the Manchester and Liverpool Railway 3 miles in length, eight inches in circumference, and three tons in weight.

We do not know absolutely what is good or bad fortune.

Although the farmer's life is one of toil, he is who enjoys a life of true independence, having none of the cares or troubles of other men.



WHAT A FINE PLEASURE CAN BE—A few years ago a little tract, containing a thought on liberty was sent to a slaveholder down in North Carolina. It was a tract of the "Declaration of Sentiments." It took such a hold upon his mind that he could not sleep, so he got up and read it to his wife. "She said, 'We must set our slaves free before we sleep again.' So they went to the magistrate and had them all emancipated before they dared to sleep. They then talked to their neighbors, and gave them that little tract. By-and-by nineteen poor slaves came trudging up to Cincinnati, holding up their free papers and singing songs of jubilee. From here they went on to Mercer county, where Augustus Wattles is, and where the colored people are making a great settlement, and building a large house for a manual labor school.

That little tract cost three cents, and freed nineteen human beings from slavery. Who'll buy candy?

How many slaves did the political action of the Liberty party ever free? How many is it ever likely to free? Not one. Yet they have abandoned to a great extent, that moral action which would do the work, for the political action which only retards it.—*Spay.*

Cassius M. Clay.—Mr. Hartshorn, the agent for New England, of Mr. Clay's True American, has received a letter from him, dated Lexington, Kentucky, September 5th, in which he writes: "The mob will not stop my paper. Somewhere, I will go on soon." In the mean time, you may proceed to get subscribers in all confidence. My defence against the manifesto and wrongs of the mob, when out, will be sent to you, in advance of the papers." In conclusion, Mr. Clay says: "My health is yet bad, but improving slowly."—*Atlas.*

Cautions to Smokers.—German Physiologists affirm that twenty deaths of men between eighteen and twenty-five, are originated in the waste of the constitution by smoking!

## COMMUNICATIONS.

### THE UNION.

A DREAM.

"I had a dream, which was not all a dream."

I do not pretend to be so well versed in the science of mental Philosophy, as to be able to account for all the incidents of the dream I am about to relate, nor shall I inform you whether it came to me in the visions of the night or in my waking moments; suffice it to say, that by some inexplicable change I had entirely lost my real character, and had become another person.

methought that my heart was overflowing with patriotism, and my love of our "glorious Union" came bubbling up like a spring from a rocky place. I had been much excited because of the attempts of some of the fanatical abolitionists to destroy it, and I turned for consolation to President Polk's inaugural address, and in glorifying manner in which he spoke of it was like balm to my lacerated spirit. In another paper I read the proceedings of a Liberty party meeting, where resolutions of censure were adopted against those who were endeavoring to surrender the political bonds which bind us to the South, and peaceably withdraw from the great national compact. Ah, thought I, proslavery as they call me, I can give to these men the right hand of fellowship, and especially to this one who will go for the Union. "Slavery in or slavery out, Texas in or Texas out," ay, and who "will fight for it in the forests of Maine, or in the swamps of Carolina!" Glorious, said I, this fellow is a man after my own heart, and none of your traitorous Dixie niggers. Why Calhoun and McDuffie can ask no more. Hurrah for Stewart! We must give him a nomination as soon as his party is joined to ours.

While indulging in reflections upon the liberality of these men, and comparing their sentiments and conduct with that of the unreasonable and fanatical Dissolutionists who were seeking to abolish slavery, even at the expense of the Union, I was startled by the clattering of a horse's hoofs upon our stony street, as it dashed rapidly by, and the riders cry of "To arms! To arms!" rang like the notes of a battle trumpet through the city.

I immediately hastened to the military headquarters, and there learned that an express had arrived from the South bringing intelligence of an insurrection among the slaves which threatened to endanger the existence of the Union, accompanied by a demand for northern troops. A force of two thousand was immediately drafted, of which number were Alvan Stewart and myself. We were ordered to be in readiness to leave at an early hour the next day; and I must here confess, that much as I had talked about the Union, declaring that it must be preserved at all hazards, and at any amount of blood and treasure, I said these things when I had no idea that I should be called upon to fight for it, and on order to "start to-morrow for Timbuctoo," would have been as agreeable as the one I was obliged to obey. I had just become fairly established in a small but profitable business which I knew would be ruined by even a short absence; I had furthermore been but three weeks a husband, and under such circumstances who can wonder that it was with reluctance I exchanged the tender embraces of my new-made bride for the death grasp of the insurgent slave. Oh, it was a terrible thought! that instead of the words of tenderness I had but to-day heard spoken, there would be the despairing cries and agonizing groans of the poor wretches I had sworn to murder; that instead of the blessings of my wife, I should have the curses of the dying negro. Bitterly did I repent of the compact; but having made it, having induced the Southerner to retain his hold on his slaves, having promised to stand by him and thus led him on step by step until he met the terrible catastrophe which now threatened to overwhelm him, I resolved, come what would, to redeem my pledge.—But what would I not have given, if I could, with a clear conscience, have taken my stand with the Dissolutionists, and felt that I had honorably withdrawn my pledge from the keeping of the South—withdrawn it before

the hour of her utterance had arrived, so that no reproach would have rested upon me.—But regret was unavailing.

I embarked and found myself enrolled in the same company with Alvan Stewart. I was only a private, he a Corporal. On, on we sped, day and night as fast as steam could carry us. We journeyed with the north star, looking down coldly upon us, for we had turned our faces from it, as though we heeded not the fixed principle of eternal justice of which that star is the emblem.

On the afternoon of the second day we reached our place of destination where we found encamped a large number of men, most of whom were from the North. Among the Michigan troops and bearing the rank of Sergeant, was James G. Birney. The interview between him and Corporal Stewart was exceedingly affecting. By the time we had pitched our tents and set our guards, it wanted but an hour of sundown. I strolled through the encampment and was very much struck by the difference in appearance between the northern and southern troops, for a more ungodly and raffish set of men than the latter, I never beheld. Their countenances were as dark as the complexion of a mulatto, and a constant scowl rested upon them. They were continually quarrelling, gambling and drinking, and every sentence they uttered contained a horrid oath. The northern troops, the regiment to which I was attached in particular, were on the contrary very religious. Our Chaplain was a man of remarkable piety, a distinguished member of the Northern Methodist Episcopal Conference.—Our first evening in Carolina was closed by a regimental prayer meeting, at the conclusion of which a portion of us sang that beautiful hymn commencing—

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my sovereign die!  
Did he devote his sacred head  
For such a wretch as I!"

The evening was perfectly calm; and we were encamped directly on the borders of a swamp where a body of the insurgents were said to be concealed. I have no doubt they heard and were benefited by hearing a portion of our Christian worship, for although I felt as if shooting negroes was not the right kind of business in which to be engaged, it would have been still worse if while engaged in it we had neglected the performance of any of our religious duties.

The following morning the troops were ordered to penetrate the swamp, and kill or capture all the negroes they met with. Government was particularly anxious this should be done, for it was rumored that the wife and children of the Commander in Chief of the negro forces, Henry Clay Jackson—who, by the way, is a lineal descendant of the worthies whose name he bears—were there concealed, and it was thought that if our troops could obtain possession of them we might compel favorable terms from the rebels.—Unpleasant as was the duty, it had to be performed. As the swamp was of considerable extent, and in many places the mud from two to four feet deep we made but slow progress. About 1 o'clock P. M. we reached the centre of the swamp without seeing any signs of a negro, when our commander called a halt, for we were all completely exhausted.

The depth of the mud, and its remarkably slimy and adhesive character had made our journey a very toilsome one; then there was a continual exhalation arising from the great abundance of decayed vegetable matter, which enveloped us like a cloud, so that I could taste infection in every breath I inhaled, and no very pleasant visions of a broken constitution, of lingering disease, and a painful death passed before me. I looked upon my companions, and their appearance had very much changed since the hour of morning parade. Alvan Stewart stood near me; not far from him was a Georgia slave-trader noted for his cruelty, and a Texian who had robbed a bank in Kentucky and murdered a man in Tennessee. They seemed disposed to make fun of the Corporal, for I heard the Georgian say "Hah, my old buck! I guess you find this a little bit worse than the Seminole war you used to talk about." As Alvan Stewart turned away from the insulting fellow, the Texian impudently called out "Are you made Governor of that island yet?—wont you sell your chance for a good dinner?" But Mr. Birney was there to sympathize with his friend, and I saw his look of condolence as the Corporal thus addressed him: "Sergeant Birney, I never expected this; it is far worse than being in the forests of Maine. Suppose we construe our orders as we choose to understand them, and go home and have our tickets printed, and circulate our handbills for the fall election!" Had I not been myself in so deplorable a condition, I should have pitied him. There he was, three feet deep in mud, and his beautiful uniform besmeared with swamp slime; the day was sultry, and the perspiration was streaming in torrents down his face; it was the dinner hour, but no dinner was to be had; the musquitoes were noisy and fierce, and there was no escape from them, but then there was a glorious consolation which belonged to us all—we were in a Carolina swamp fighting, or ready to fight for the Union, and perhaps some of us would have the satisfaction of leaving our bodies to sink and rot beneath its mude.

Just then a volley was fired by the insurgent slaves, who had come upon us unawares. Corporal Stewart and Sergeant Birney both fell, the former was shot through the stomach, the latter through the head. I saw them but a moment, and then the green slime mud closed over them. Alas! thought I, not a stone can be erected here to tell that they perished in defence of the Union, and were slain by the insurgent slaves of America. A second volley was fired which restored me to consciousness. My vision had departed, and I stood once more upon Ohio soil. I was so rejoiced that I could say with Bunyan's christian pilgrim "I awoke, and behold it was a dream" that I involuntarily sprang to my feet exclaiming—

"No union with slaveholders!  
Down with the blood-stained flag!  
Trample the gore-writ compact  
With Shylock's writhed flag!"

Letter from Harriet M. Thorey.

That slavery is an evil of no common magnitude, there are but few, possessing the ordinary aggregate of intelligence, who pretend to deny. And whether we look upon it with the views of Statesmen or Philanthropists, whether we ponder its bearings upon our moral and social condition, we are startled at the enormity of the evil, and ask, with feelings of mingled shame and apprehension—is there no proper and attainable remedy? If there is no remedy, our condition is indeed deplorable. If the fetters of the slave are the bonds which secure unto us life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness—we hold our treasure of the same at a fearful price. For that life, that liberty, and that pursuit of happiness is secured unto us by the sacrifice of all the attributes of humanity which God has given to more than two millions and a half of human beings, varying in color, but possessing the same physical organization, the same social feelings, though compelled to dwell in an unnatural channel, and the same claims to immortality which we possess. We talk of our republican institutions, and boast of our country as the home of the free, and the refuge of the oppressed; and if such was actually the case, there would be more propriety in our talk and boasting; for it would bear the impress of truth, and therefore afford us a pretext for honest exultation. But truth, like murder, will out; and whatever means may be employed to conceal the deformity, and prolong the existence of slavery, they all tend to give us a fairer view of its loathsome body of corruption, and to sharpen the axe which is to sever the multiplied cords of its existence. It seems strange to us that the framers of the Constitution, possessing that far-seeing sagacity which enabled them to lay the foundation of a government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed, instead of Monarchy's will, should have parleyed with an institution which was then in its swaddling bands, and by granting it peculiar immunities—secured its existence and fostered its growth, until it has attained to a stature of a giant, and now stands with one foot firmly planted upon the shores of the Gulf of Mexico, and the other upon the northern lakes, ruling its friends with despotic sway—bidding defiance to its enemies—and deriding their delicate efforts for its extermination.—How often has the assertion been made—repeated and reiterated, that the North has nothing to do with slavery—that it is a southern institution—entirely subservient to southern interests, and essential to the prosperity of that portion of the Union; when at the same time its subtle influence was coiling, like a venomous reptile, around the very vitals of the North, whispering peace, peace—in order to quiet its struggling victim until it could fasten it with its deadly fangs.

It is said that personal rights are the foundation of all others. As a nation, we claim all other rights—therefore, we cannot but feel some anxiety as to the nature and stability of our foundation; as well as of the superstructure that has been reared upon it. That its primary elements were right; that the Declaration of Independence embodied these noble and comprehensive principles which emanate from man's higher nature, and which are calculated to bear him onward and upward to a more perfect system of moral and political equity—all seem to admit. But the Constitution reveals the presence of the spirit of evil, and gives the lie direct to our exulting boast of equal rights, and universal liberty. Like a defaced statue upon a chaste and beautiful pedestal, it elicits our wonder by its incongruity. It is a curious anomaly—but no more curious than true—that while our forefathers were pouring out their blood like water in order to secure those rights which they could never obtain while they acknowledged the divine right of kings, they were preparing the way for the establishment of a more cruel and remorseless despotism upon the soil ostensibly consecrated to freedom. With one hand they were valiantly battling for truth and right; while with the other they were forging fetters for the wronged and benighted African. At the first glance, we are led to conclude that the American slaveholder possesses more than the ordinary share of human rights; because the rights of so many human beings are merged within his own; he repudiates the divine rights of kings; yet he arrogates to himself the divine right to control the souls as well as the bodies of his fellow beings, thus divesting them of every attribute of humanity, as well as of immortality. But, is the slaveholder, in reality, the all-wise and free man that he insinuates himself to be? Life is not, under any circumstances, exempt from jeopardy by casualties, or by visitations of Providence. And in the case of the slaveholder we look upon those casualties as increased in a ten-fold degree; for he is surrounded by those who, from motives of vengeance, or from a determination to possess their inalienable rights, stand forth unfettered in the image of their Maker, would, opportunity and circumstances being favorable, look upon the taking of his life, not only as justifiable, but as a praiseworthy deed. Therefore, instead of enjoying life like a freeman in the true sense of the word, he has to guard the same with the utmost vigilance, and never possess that common feeling of security which pervades the non-slaveholding States. The term liberty, in its genuine signification, means a great deal; and can never be demonstrated to a slaveholder, only by theory; because his experience has not qualified him for a correct understanding of the same. In the first place, his dependence curtails his liberty; for he is entirely dependent upon his slaves; his food and raiment are procured by their toil, or purchased with their flesh and blood. If justice is the foundation of liberty—and does not that which the slaveholder possesses, rest upon a miserable foundation—or rather upon no foundation at all? In all ages of the world, the pursuit of happiness has been the moving principle of human actions.—And so far as it has led men to virtuous and good, it has been subservient to the well-being of society; but when it is based upon

selfishness, and pursued for the gratification of her desires, it becomes degraded in our estimation, and calls forth our unmeasured condemnation. The slaveholder has also his pursuit of happiness; and in what does it consist? The answer comes murmuring forth amid sighs, tears and groans out-gushing from millions of stricken human hearts—and from the harsh clanking of fetters upon millions of human limbs—his pursuit of happiness is our continual misery! Is this right? Is it in accordance with the principles of humanity? Is it "rendering unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's?" No—for it is at variance with the laws of nature, and with the teachings of revelation. It retards the progress of civilization; for it degrades the moral and intellectual man. It oppresses the spread of the pure broad principles of christianity; for these principles, universally understood and practised, would effectually eradicate every vestige of the system of untold abominations. If "liberty is justice guarded," where is the boasted liberty of the slaveholder? If he possesses certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, does he understand those rights, and secure unto himself the immunities which they comprehend? He knows that there is a dangerous mine beneath his feet, and that the hour of its springing is not of his own appointing; his own injustice and oppression has placed a burning brand within the hands of his enemies, and he trembles for the consequences while he seeks to perpetuate the cause.—Liberty is but a bye-word when it depends upon tyranny for support; and the pursuit of happiness becomes unjustifiable when it subverts the course of nature, and involves the misery of our fellow beings. The slaveholder may sing the songs of liberty; but their echo will be as discordant as the vulture's notes while exulting over his mangled and bleeding prey.

And now, "admitting the evil, is there no proper and attainable remedy?" The present age, is an age of inventions. The spirit of investigation is aroused. The tide of progression sweeps steadily onward, bearing upon its bosom the immutable principles of truth and right. A purer light irradiates the intellectual world. Theories of moral, social and political economy, of liberal and comprehensive composition, emanating from the combined wisdom of the past and present, are gradually assuming the form and stability of systems. The friends of humanity have toiled with the devotion of martyrs to raise her from the dust, and the story of her wrongs, like trumpet-tones, has awakened many a guilty dreamer to life and action. The traditions of men have ever contravened the commandments of God; and the eternal principles of truth have been set aside by the subtleties of error. But the spirit of the present age seems to be onward and upward, bearing down all obstacles which hinder its progress towards a system of moral equity, which will tend to reconcile the conflicting elements of human governments, and to save our own beloved country from a despicable and iniquitous thralldom. The blood of the Revolution was insufficient to consecrate the institution of slavery; it has become a terror to its friends, and leans upon its enemies for support. Will they succumb to the task—and meekly bend their backs to sustain the burden as the South demands! Hark! from the Pilgrim's rock—from the granite hills and the moss-grown valleys of New England there comes a voice—re-echoing through the length and breadth of this fair land which makes the nation tremble; for it proclaims aloud—"No union with slaveholders—no crouching to sustain a burden of iniquity—and no concessions to a power that robs humanity of its attributes, and degrades the image of our Maker to a level with the beasts that perish!" Glorious response! glad harbinger of better days to come, when the foulest blot that stains our national escutcheon shall be wiped away, and millions of human beings who are now writhing beneath oppression's iron heel shall arise from their degradation, and take that rank in the scale of beings which God and nature has assigned them. Too long has the withering curse of slavery rested upon the "land of the free (!) and the home of the brave." Too long have the friends of humanity been persecuted and reviled, branded with abusive epithets, and stigmatized as the originators and abettors of treason; for the weapons which have been hurled against them are beginning to recoil with ten-fold force upon their enemies. Too long has public opinion resisted the innovations of the spirit of the age, and lent its influence towards the extension and perpetration of American slavery. Now the die is cast—the deed of shame is consummated. Texas as has become an integral part of these United States, and her soil must be re-baptized with the tears and blood of human beings, toiling in bitter bondage for their fellow men. The domestic slave trade, protected by a prohibitory tariff, has received an impetus commensurate with the importance attached to it by its warmest friends. What more can they ask—what more can be given! The common sense and the moral feelings of Americans has been wofully outraged, and the dignity of the nation has been sacrificed to the dread Moloch of slavery. Humiliating as is the position which the United States now occupy among the nations of the earth, there is not only a strong probability—but an absolute certainty of its being changed; for the institution of slavery thrown wholly upon itself for support, cannot exist; because it does not possess within itself the elements of perpetuity. Withdraw the support which it now receives from the North, and its downfall is inevitable. Its final struggles will be fierce and desperate—awful to contemplate. Like Sampson of old, its strength will be fearfully revealed in the hour of dissolution. The timid will quail and retire from the contest; but the courageous and the true-hearted will stand firm as a rock, undaunted by the din and strife of the world, the pursuit of the murderous sword, the quivering cannon is as silent as the grave; for none but moral weapons can avail for the extermination of a moral evil. God speed

the day when their triumph shall be complete—when the discordant and conflicting elements of society will be made to harmonize—and the "Declaration of the universal brotherhood of man," will become the foundation of all human creeds.

## ANTI-SLAVERY BUCLE.

SALEM, OCTOBER 3, 1845.

"I love agitation when there is cause for it—the alarm bell which starges the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being buried in their beds."—*Edmund Burke.*

## "THE DISUNION PLEDGE."

We now come to the consideration of the remaining objection which the Disunion Pledge urges as a reason for the non-support of the Constitution, and which is expressed as follows:—"that slave insurrections should be suppressed by the combined military and naval power of the country, if needed in any emergency." This refers to two provisions in the Constitution, one for protection against domestic violence, the other for the suppression of insurrections. The latter is the more important, and wholly neglects to notice the second clause, which the pledge would seem more directly to refer to; but attempts to build an argument upon that, which would appear at first sight to be none favorable to its position. The part which the editor quotes is this:

"The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government, and shall protect each of them against invasion, and on application of the Legislature, or of the Executive (when the Legislature cannot be convened) against domestic violence."

He admits that this clause, although general in its character, is applicable to *all* *States* in this Union; and that it is binding upon the President, the members of Congress, and such U. S. officers as may be called into service. He considers it "highly beneficial, and one of the best parts of the U. S. Constitution. It makes the United States a Peace-Maker." Yes! Dr. Bailey calls the United States government a Peace-Maker, though it is rather strange for a peace-maker to wear a warlike guise, to come to make peace "armed and equipped as the law directs," with legions of blood thirsty followers to enforce its peace-making commands. "Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God." Captain Stockton of the Princeton man-of-war, christened his ship a "Peace-Maker," and its terrible explosion blew to atoms those who designed to use it to destroy others. Dr. Bailey, with as total a disregard to the just application of terms as Captain Stockton ever manifested, has christened the father of that big gun, the U. S. government, *Peace-Maker*!

But to return to the Dr.'s argument, which instead of being wrought in the school of strict construction in which he was educated, is as *low* an interpretation of the Constitution, as any rogue could desire of the criminal code. It is briefly this. The general government is bound to protect the States against domestic violence. A servile insurrection is domestic violence. The simple duty of the government is to command and enforce the Peace; if the slaveholder then attempt to reduce again to slavery the slave who has risen to the state of a freeman, his violence be upon his own head. It is not bound to replace and rivet anew the broken fetters; therefore the Constitution is not in this particular pro-slavery. We shall reply very briefly to his argument. The Constitution requires that every State shall be protected against domestic violence. What constitutes a State? Not a certain number of people, for if so, then is Iowa a State, although she has refused to adopt a Constitution. We would define a State to be, that portion of the inhabitants of a territory who support the Constitution which the people constitutionally adopted, and act in accordance with the laws and regulations of such government. Such is the sense in which the word State is used in the Constitution. If the slaves of South Carolina rise in rebellion against the authorities of the State, they are not while in that attitude a portion of the State although they may be in a majority. Suppose they adopted a Constitution and called themselves the State of South Carolina, which of the parties would Congress be bound to recognize as a State, and protect against domestic violence? Most certainly the minority; for the Constitution of the majority grew out of a rebellious movement, is the fruit of disobedience to the constituted authorities. The slaves of Carolina are held in conformity with the State laws; an attempt to gain their freedom would be in opposition to these laws, and Congress is bound to protect every State against domestic violence, not by setting at naught its laws, and encouraging others to trample them under foot, but by maintaining the supremacy of law, which is the life and soul of every human government that has yet been organized. A few years since at



the time of the riots in Philadelphia, some of the officers were called upon to protect against domestic violence, a Temperance Hall which belonged to the colored people. Instead of assembling their posse comitatus and maintaining the supremacy of the laws, the wisecracks tore down the building, thinking such a course would involve less trouble and expense; and it seems to us that Doctor Bailey's argument would fully justify them in so doing. As to whether the laws against which the Carolina slaves rebel are constitutional, is a question that is to be adjudicated by some other authority than James K. Polk or Dr. Bailey—a question to be determined after the domestic violence has been put down.

It can make no difference in the action of the general government whether the power which the master claims over his slaves is either created or guaranteed by the constitution. Obedience to state laws is guaranteed and that is sufficient to answer the purpose of the slave claimant. If the Herald's argument be a sound one, there is need for its immediate application, for domestic violence prevails throughout the entire south, not contrary to, but in conformity with State law. Not a servile war upon the part of the slaves, but a war carried on by the slaveholder against his victim; and there is no possible way of preventing this domestic violence, save by the abolition of slavery. Has the government the right to abolish slavery, in order to protect the slaves against domestic violence? The Dr.'s argument answers YES! We should like to know whether he is willing to make such application of his principles. We think it will hardly answer for him to go so far as this; and yet if in any case it is right for the general government to protect the inhabitants of a State against domestic violence by other means than upholding the State laws, it certainly would be in this, for slavery is a war which has inflicted far more suffering upon humanity than a servile war ever did. Rivers of blood have been shed, fetters have been worn, prisons have been crowded, and homes made desolate by its accursed ravages. Yet the United States has no right to interfere to arrest its progress, but is bound to furnish to the outragers, men and munitions of war if they are needed and demanded; therefore do we say give no countenance to a Constitution which requires this at the hands of all who promise to support it.

But there is yet another clause, a clause which the Dr. has omitted to notice, and which would have been too palpably fatal to his argument to introduce—that in regard to the suppression of insurrections. Every body except Liberty party, knows that insurrection, is a rising against the laws. It matters not whether the insurgents number ten, or ten thousand, save that in the one case the State or County can put them down, while in the other it would probably require the interference of the general government. Will Dr. Bailey pretend to say that if the South Carolina slaves rise in rebellion to the slaveholding laws of that State, that they are not insurgents, that they are not in a state of insurrection? Will he contend that the U. S. government may put down that insurrection by putting down slavery? The President has promised that if the demand is made in the manner prescribed by the Constitution, that he will quell that insurrection, for government never anticipates failures in such affairs, and the members of Congress and all other United States officers, are bound to aid and assist the President in maintaining the Constitution, each acting in his appropriate sphere. The clause is distinct and explicit, nothing equivocal about it—"to put down insurrection," and it is the veriest special pleading and foolish argument, to strive to maintain, as we have known some Liberty party men attempt to do, that a slave insurrection is not an insurrection, and therefore that government is not bound to quell it.

So much for the duties and obligations of office holders, to which point of discussion the Dr. has so strictly confined himself, that one would suppose from his articles that the Disunion Pledge referred particularly to them. Instead of this being the case, it has to do more immediately with the voters under the Constitution, and their responsibilities, rather than the duty of officers. But their responsibilities simply as voters, the Dr. "for certain good reasons best known to himself," chose to say nothing about. Our views on this subject will be found in the article on "The Duty of Citizens."

#### WHAT IS A VOTE?

John Pierpont says: "The word comes to us from the Latin 'votum' a sacred vow—a wish that a certain thing should be done; and the nature of this transaction which the name signifies is an action no less sacred now."

This seems to us a correct definition.—But do the people understand it? Is a vote considered a vow, or oath? I know that the people of Ct. and Vt. understand it for they are obliged to take an oath to support the U. S. Constitution, and yet they can go to the

ballot box. The foreigner understands it for he too, must take the oath of allegiance before he can participate in the conduct of the government. We know that the writers on jurisprudence understand it; for they say there is an oath implied in every ballot, and we hope that the entire people will ere long understand that when they go to the polls they virtually make a solemn vow to do what the voters of Ct. and Vt. and the naturalized citizen swear to do; and that is, to support our national Constitution, blood-stained and tyrannical as it is; and to support it, not in such parts as may suit them, but in its unbroken oneness.

Remember that vote, that sacred vow! Have you a right to take it? We answer No!

#### DUTY OF CITIZENS.

Under a Constitution which has no power save what the voters give it, which has no strength save that derived from the people, which depends upon the popular will for its existence, its daily support, which is a contract of the many with the one, and the one with the many, it is certainly all important that every citizen should know how much of that contract he is bound to fulfill, and what obligations rest upon him by virtue of his position. That the compact is pro-slavery, and that office holders are bound to maintain it, we have shown in our articles upon the Disunion Pledge; and that the citizens who merely vote are alike bound, it is now our purpose to prove. We lay down this position as incontrovertible:—

All citizens of the United States whether native or naturalized, have the same obligations imposed upon them by the general government, and the same rights granted them as private citizens; and every voter under the Constitution is bound to maintain the Constitution.

While we have but one kind of citizenship in this country, we have two kinds of citizens. The one native born, who is invested with a citizens rights upon attaining his majority; the other foreign born, who cannot possess them until he takes the oath of allegiance as prescribed by the naturalization laws. The modes of initiation are different, the rights the same. We think no one will assert that the United States government depends more upon its foreign, than native born citizens for support, that in the hour of danger it passes by, and overlooks those who were born upon its own territory who heard the cries of the screaming eagle in their cradle, and in their infancy became familiar with its 4th of July celebrations, and throws itself for protection into the arms of foreign refugees from oppression. Such an idea would indeed be preposterous. It requires no great depth of mind to comprehend that the oath of the naturalized citizen is designed to make him equal with the native born—equal in rights and equal in responsibilities; to impose upon him the same obligation to maintain, support, and defend the Constitution beneath whose aegis he chooses to take shelter, that rests upon every native born voter. The foreigner takes the oath of allegiance, and is sworn to support the Constitution. Is not every other citizen bound to the same extent? To say that he is not, would be as absurd as to assert that the voters of Connecticut and Vermont when they cast their ballots for President, are more bound to support the Constitution than are the voters in Ohio, inasmuch as the former have to swear so to do before they are permitted to deposit their vote. We are therefore justified in saying, that all voters under the United States Constitution stand upon precisely the same ground; it matters not whether they have taken the freeman's oath as required in Connecticut and Vermont, the oath of allegiance as prescribed by the naturalization laws, or the implied oath contained in every ballot, for these three are one in their binding force, and those who take them are equally bound to uphold and defend the U. S. Constitution.

We say equally bound. How far they are bound, and by what means they must maintain it we will now examine. First, they are bound to maintain it passively, by due submission to all the laws which are based upon it; second, by active obedience to its requisitions. The United States government is professedly a representative government, having no powers but those which are delegated to it by the people; it is in fact the people acting by and through their agents who are bound to do their work. For instance, the people decide that it is expedient to have a Tariff, and as a matter of convenience they appoint a few men to act as Collectors of the revenue. If any body resists this law which the people have established, and the people's agents with the ordinary means which have been placed at their disposal are unable to enforce obedience, the agents are then empowered to call upon their employers, the people, to sustain them. So in relation to the agreement concerning slave insurrections. If the U. S. army, the ordinary means which the people have furnished the President for its suppression

is insufficient, then extraordinary means are resorted to, drafts are made upon those who yearly ordain the Constitution. "We the people" and every citizen of the U. S. government who is capable of bearing arms must act to suppress insurrections if his services are needed and demanded by the proper authorities, for remember the people's Constitution must be sustained, or the people's government falls, and the Union is dissolved. They may not, many of them, be called upon personally to fight in behalf of slavery, but by the act of voting, which is an assertion of the rights of citizenship and an acknowledgement of its duties, they solemnly promise to do so, if their aid is needed; and furthermore they are now individually through their agents, the national soldiery, armed and equipped and ready for this work of death. And again, they may not often be obliged to assist in the return of fugitives, but when called upon by the U. S. Marshall, their aid must not be withheld; and besides if they sustain the law which requires the surrender of fugitives, they are responsible for its execution in every case.

Let every friend of the slave then refuse to give his ballot promise to support the pro-slavery Constitution of the United States—to surrender the trembling fugitive—to crush the liberty-loving insurgent—to stamp eternal disgrace upon the name of America, and to fix the stain of slavery upon his own soul.

#### CONFESSION OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

We publish on our fourth page the alleged confession of this individual. Some of the papers pronounce it a forgery. If it be one, it is a fiction founded upon fact, and true to nature; it is well worthy of perusal and we commend it to the attention of our readers. It depicts in glowing colors the unquenchable desire for intoxicating drinks, which lies like a smouldering fire in the bosom of him who has partaken deeply of the bowl, and is ready to burst into a fierce flame whenever the breath of indulgence calls it forth. It faithfully portrays the deep anguish of the reformed inebriate who has again turned to his old practices, and appeals in words of thrilling pathos to our kindest sympathies. It tells of his renewal of the covenant, and in tones of glowing light pictures the glorious blessings which have been conferred upon man by the instrumentality of the Temperance pledge. If this confession be a forgery, it is at least no forgery upon human nature, but is a living reality.

#### INDIANA STATE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The annual meeting of this Society will be held at Newport, Indiana, on the 13th inst., commencing at 10 A. M. We designed saying more of affairs in Indiana, but have not room this week.

Our India rubber paper is recommended as the most suitable for the printing of the law, that it may be stretched occasionally for the accommodation of rich culprits.—Plain Dealer.

It is also "recommended" as a good casing for the consciences of those temperance men who patronize and apologize for "respectful and gentlemanly" grog-sellers.—Cleveland American.

It is also a capital thing upon which to print the U. S. Constitution for the use of Liberty party. The material is warranted to stretch as much as "private construction" or "mental reservation" will require.

#### A YANKEE MATE.

Some time since the Yankee schooner Sally Ann, under command of Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut river. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward; according to his notion of things, the schooner was getting rather too near certain flats which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he goes to the captain, and with his hat cocked on one side, says:

"Captain Spooner, you are getting rather too close to them 'are flats'; hadn't you better go about!"

To which Captain Spooner replied: "Mr. Comstock, do you go forward and attend to your part of the skuer; I'll attend to mine."

Mr. Comstock "mizzled" forward in high dudgeon.

"Boys," said he, "see that 'are mud-hock all clear for letting go."

"Ay, ay, sir; all clear."

"Let go," said he.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chain and, like a flash, the Sally Ann came luffing into the wind, and then brought up all standing. Mr. Comstock walked aft, and touching his hat very cavalierly, "Captain Comstock," said he, "my part of the schooner is at anchor!"

We have enjoyed a hearty laugh at this anecdote of Captain Spooner, and want our readers to have an opportunity of doing the same. Every one who reads it will see at a single glance that the mate was a Yankee of the right sort, and was determined to do his duty, whether the Captain did or not.

We think that the ship of State, is in about as bad a fix as was the schooner Sally Ann. The Captain is a Southerner, chivalrous and bold, and therefore heeds not the warning of the Yankee mate that he is running the vessel upon the shoals of destruction, but advises him to mind his own business, to attend

to his part of the ship. We hope the mate will follow the Captain's advice; let him throw out the anchor of "Disunion" and she will be "brought up all standing." Then, when the best bower anchor has taken fast hold of the solid earth, and the vessel is checked in her course and out of danger, he may walk aft to his Southern Captain and inform him, that his part of the ship is at anchor.

#### GENERAL ITEMS.

##### ARRIVAL OF THE BRITANNIA.

This steamship arrived at Boston on the 19th inst. bringing dates to the 4th. She brought 121 passengers, among whom were Edward Everett and family.

The crops of England, which it was feared would fall short, now give promise of abundance.

The Queen is still in Germany, and her progress afforded an abundance of matter for the European papers.

A Paris letter of August 15, says—"Rumors are daily acquiring consistency of fears entertained of Queen Victoria's sanity."

**CAPTURE OF A PIRATE SLAVER.**—There has been on the west coast of Africa, a most gallant and successful engagement between the boats of one of her Majesty's ships, and a large pirate slaver. The boats engaged in the affair belonged to the Pantaloon, sloop 10 guns, Com. Edmund Wilson. The prize is a remarkably fine vessel of about 450 tons, polacre rigged, with immense sails. She is of great celebrity on the coast, is armed with four 12 pounders, and had a mixed crew, composed chiefly of Spaniards, amounting to about 58; and was equipped for any villainous service, whether slave dealing or piracy.

**Conflict between the British and the Natives of Madagascar.**—In the beginning of May last, Ranavalona Manjaka, the Queen of Madagascar, issued orders that all the English and French residing in her dominions should, within eleven days, become her subjects, by having themselves registered and naturalized as Malagaches, or that they should immediately quit the island.

Three hundred and fifty men, of whom 100 were French soldiers, and others belonging to the three ships, landed on the afternoon of the 15th inst., and advanced across a plain, under a sharp fire from the fort and battery of grape and musquetry. The enemy was driven out of the battery and the guns spiked.

Another circular fort mounting 20 guns was then discovered, which was also stormed and taken. The guard-house, custom house, and a considerable part of the town was burnt. The loss of the natives was very great—that of the English and French some 28 men killed and 60 wounded.

There is a complete famine in Poland.

The religious disturbances at Leipzig have not been received.

There has been a terrific whirlwind on the continent. Its effects in Holland were almost as severely felt as in France. At Rouen, however, it seems to have expended its greatest violence. In that city three extensive manufactories were destroyed by the whirlwind, while all the hands were at work; not less than sixty persons of all ages perished in the ruins, and one hundred and twenty were thereby wounded.

The wolves have of late made frightful ravages in the commune of Envermeu, France. One fold containing about two hundred sheep was destroyed in one night.

The drought at Constantinople has been so very great, that water, which is usually abundant, sold at 2d per gallon.

The British ministry have pledged themselves to degrade and exclude from her Majesty's commission, every declared Repealer, and every declared Orangeman.

The last advices from China bring intelligence of the province of Houan having been visited by an earthquake which demolished ten thousand houses, and killed upwards of four thousand people.

On the 25th of May, a Theatre containing an audience of some 5 or 6 thousand persons was destroyed by fire. As there were but two narrow doorways by which this immense audience could escape, the consequence was that there were burned or trampled to death by the crowd 1257, while the wounded numbered 3100.

The Calcutta Mail brings dates to the 4th of July. A native paper reports a most horrible case of dacoity or gang robbery, in a district near Calcutta. A band of dacoits attacked and entered the house of a Brahman, whose family comprised an unusual number of women. After mutilating ten or twelve of the women in a horrible manner, they retired with their booty. Some of their victims have died of their wounds.

There is later news from India, where, we regret to say, the cholera was raging, in many places, with great violence. In the Punjab it had made much havoc, carrying off at Lahore from 500 to 600 daily. At Lahore from 20,000 to 30,000 had fallen victims to it.

##### INSURRECTION.

It appears that there is more danger of an insurrection among the whites than among the blacks, in Kentucky. The Governor has been obliged to send an armed military force into Clay county, to put down an insurrectionary attempt to liberate a murderer from the jail of that county. Kentucky will get her name up, if she keeps on.

**Dr. R. S. STEWART** of Maryland, a large slaveholder, is preparing a pamphlet for the press, to show the safety of emancipation. The slaveholders of his section have admonished him that they depreciate all agitation of the subject. No doubt of it. But the Doctor doesn't depreciate it, and none then that, therefore, he is not to be a compliance with their wishes on the question.

**THE MONROVIA** in and around Nauvoo, are in the midst of a civil war. The citizens of that section of Illinois, have been so long the victims of Mormon rascality, that they have become exasperated, and have determined to expel them. A number of conflicts have already taken place and some lives lost.

Fourteen thousand bushels of Wheat, and one thousand barrels of Flour, were purchased in N. Y. on the 8th, for shipment to France.

**DISGRACEFUL.**—A number of rude boys, both of country and town, assembled at the residence of Dr. Wilson, on Saturday night, to insult and molest the inmates of his dwelling. Abney Kelley and Mr. Foster, making use of obscene and abusive language. The same gang of desperadoes assembled, we understand, at the outskirts of our village, on Sunday evening last, and discharged a volley of stones at Mr. Foster, as he departed from our place. This is a most disgraceful occurrence, as we learn the assault was led on by individuals who should know better; and who, if they did not regard themselves should have had some respect for the town of Cadiz.—[Cadiz Repub.]

**METHOD SEPARATION.**—Dr. Bangs, in an article published in the Christian Advocate and Journal, makes the following remark on the subject of separation:

"As I have before said, the separation has been effected. It need be only in name and form. It need not end in settled animosity.—The bands of brotherly love may still bind us together, provided contention shall cease. And this, I firmly trust, is an event which may occur."

**PREACHING FOR HIS OWN BODY.**—A Massachusetts clergyman writes us that, last Sunday a state who is a minister of the gospel, and has charge of the flock of Christ in St. Louis, was in his pulpit begging money to buy his own body! "He is bright, shrewd, and very respectable as a preacher." [Bangor Gazette.]

**APPOINTMENT BY THE PRESIDENT.**—Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, as one of the associate justices of the Supreme Court of the U. States, in the place of Joseph Story, deceased.

**THE TRUE SEX** has a story that a British fleet of two 104 gun-ships, four frigates and three steam ships, having on board a full regiment, sailed from Spatted lately with sealed orders for Oregon, where the troops were to land if deemed advisable, and a Governor for the Territory, who also went out in the ship, was to assume the charge of Oregon, if "circumstances warranted him in so doing to carry out the instructions under which he has been sent."

**OHIO UNIVERSITY.**—This institution, at Athens, Ohio, has suspended operations for 3 years with a design of liquidating the debts of the concern, and re-commencing at the end of that time under more favorable auspices.

**THE COLORED MEN** of New York State, by conventions and otherwise, are making zealous exertions for the removal of the restriction which prohibits them from voting unless possessed of property to the value of \$500.

**FUGITIVE OF FREE NEGROES.**—The people of Fayette county, Ky. have held a meeting and decided that all free negroes must leave the county, giving to all who wish to go to Liberia a free passage and provisions for the voyage.

**AMOS KENDALL**, it is said, has intimated a desire that the prosecution against Elliott for the murder of his son shall be continued.

**THE BANK OF ENGLAND** has so large an amount of specie on hand, that the directors declined receiving the \$2,000,000 received in August as a portion of the Chinese indemnification. The Bank had at that time, \$80,000,000 in specie, a larger amount than ever before.

**WOOL.**—The production of wool is rapidly increasing in this country. There have been shipments lately to England to the amount of 500,000 lbs., and further orders are now in transit.

**GEN. GAYNES.**—This old man, in right of his wife, formerly Myra Clark of New Orleans, lays claim to a tract of land extending twenty miles on Bayou Lafourche, Louisiana, covering thirty plantations, embracing 1367 slaves, and raising 10,000 bales of cotton annually.

**LIBERTY OF THE PRESS IN TEXAS.**—The Convention to prepare a constitution for Texas are progressing with their duties. Among the discussions was one on the liberty of the press. All agreed upon the unrestricted right to emanate upon the acts of those in seeking public employment. Dr. Moore and others contended for a wider liberty, and the right in every person to write and publish what he pleased of privy to characters, and the private relations of life, if it were true.—Others thought that a license to stir up strife and keep up an espionage on society, even in matters of truth, was injurious to the peace and repose of society, and never exercised but for purposes of malevolence, and ought to be restrained. So thought a majority.

**PUBLIC EDUCATION IN VIRGINIA** is attracting a great deal of attention from the leading minds in that State, and there is no State which more requires a better, wiser and more efficient system. Governor McDowell, in a recent speech delivered at Richmond, alluded to the astonishing and disgraceful fact that, while in Connecticut there were not more than 500 persons over 20 years of age who cannot read or write, in the Old Dominion there were not less than sixty thousand persons of the same age whose intellectual faculties were paralyzed or extinguished for want of an education.

**SUCCESSFUL ENTERPRISE.**—We learn that the schooner Francis Amy arrived at this port yesterday, having on board about twenty-five thousand dollars in specie, recovered from the wreck of the Spanish ship San Pedro, sunk on the Spanish Main. This money is the property of the "San Pedro Company," of this city, which a short time ago fitted out an expedition to search the sunken ship by means of a diving bell.—[Balt. Am.]

The Kentucky Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church by a vote of 161 to 6 has resolved, we are informed, to adhere to the Church, South.

**PETRIFYING FOR PRESERVATION.**—A gentleman in Troy has taken out a patent for petrifying dead bodies, or almost any substance. The body, after some preparation, is immersed in a liquid that in fourteen days will render it as solid as marble. The cost is but trifling. The Troy Budget says, that a bouquet of fresh flowers immersed in the liquid, will, in a few days, be as solid and durable as though they were out of marble.

The experiments in growing American cotton in India are entirely successful, particularly in the neighborhood of Hyderabad.

**ACQUITTED.**—Captain Gray, of the brig Agnes, tried at New Castle on a charge of being concerned in the slave trade, we are informed, has been acquitted of the charge.



POETRY.

WORDS TO THE SOUTH.

BY O. S. DUNLAP.

On rolls the soul of Liberty  
With a deep resistless tide,  
From a million brave hearts swelling up,  
And pouring far and wide.  
Let the minions of Oppression,  
Howling, snarl the air in wrath;  
No dungeon-keep, nor dagger-blade  
Can stay it in its path.  
We tell you haughty Southrons,  
Though every Union crack,  
'Tis coming like a whirlwind's march,  
And ye cannot keep it back!

There is no breeze that flatters  
The leaflets of your vines,  
No wave in all your river-paths,  
No cloud above your pines,  
No voice among your bird-songs,  
Nor light in all your sky,  
But is traitor to your tyrant-cause;  
And Liberty's Ally,  
They tell you of her coming  
With a breath ye cannot stay;  
Of the river-rush of chainless thought  
To sweep the wrong away;

And of the cloud-like shadow  
Of Freedom's Angel-wing,  
The bird-notes of her songs of hope,  
O'er the chained and sorrowing;  
The lightning-moek the flashing  
Of her indignant eye,  
And the beacon-stars are glorious types  
Of her sky-like majesty.

A million hearts are sending  
Their life-pulse through her soul,  
That with ever deepening volume now  
Seeks river-like its goal.  
Her guardians are immortal,  
High truths that live unharmed;  
And for her every hero slain,  
Leap up an hundred, armed.

The warriors of Oppression  
Have ever shone alone,  
Whether conquered or victorious,  
On the gibbet, or a throne;  
But the glory of the Righteous  
Is more, in their defeat,  
Than of the vanquished Evil-ones  
When their triumphs seem complete;  
And though the Lord's Anointed  
Should wear the crown of thorns,  
Than theirs, no prouder coronal  
A human brow adorns.

Ye may gird our living Martyrs  
With iron and with stone,  
And 'bar them the sweet visitings  
Of the blessed air and sun;  
And the holier communings  
With fellow-hearts deny,  
Till they seem almost as desolate  
As the millions who are crying  
In your cruel house of bondage,  
To the deaf and hollow sky;  
Yet the Sabbath of the spirit  
Shall dawn upon them there,  
And the Truth for which they suffer wrong  
Shall keep them from despair.

Ye have no bolts so massy,  
No walls so thick and high,  
But the holy sense of Blessedness  
Shall melt them from the eye;  
And through their crystal "murements"  
The Peace of God will come,  
Till the prisoner's heart rejoices  
In his glorious martyrdom.

Then light the blazing furnace,  
And heat the hissing brand;  
The flames which ye have kindled there  
Shall fire the indignant land!  
Strike deep the glowing iron  
"Till the shrinking flesh consume,  
Then see! yourselves have traced the red  
Handwriting of your doom!  
Read well those burning letters,  
And know what now awaits;  
They mark the "SAVIOUR OF THE SLAVE,"  
They mean your SUFFERED STATES!

Now pass it, "The Slave's Saviour!"  
Our watchword, through the land;  
And be our "Marianne" henceforth,  
The Freeman's BRANDED HAND!  
As rings that thrilling watchword  
Oppression's heart shall quail,  
And while that Hand is lifted up,  
Our armies shall prevail,

And think ye, blinded Southrons,  
Your holds are danger-proof!  
See, how beneath your weaver's hand,  
Grows fast the fatal web!  
That web around Oppression  
Shall coil with deadly hurt  
Than round the writhing Hercules  
Clung once the Centaur's shirt.  
Hot bravely drive the shuttle  
That fast the web may grow,  
A banner for our victor march,  
A death-shroud for the foe.  
For in God's own strength victorious  
The Deliverer shall be;  
And though our blood feed all your land,  
And flesh receive your burning brand,  
The Union fall, or Union stand,  
THE BONDMAN SHALL BE FREE!

INFERIOR KINDNESS.—The Quincy Aurora relates the following instance of mistaken kindness in a parrot.

The boy who was killed at the depot of the Eastern Railroad in East Boston, about a week since, had been in the habit of jumping off and on the cars for a long time, and had often been driven away by the superintendent. A few days before the superintendent drove him off with a single, with which he struck him two or three blows. The father, instead of reprimanding the boy, commenced an action against the superintendent. This emboldened the boy to continue the dangerous practice until he was killed, and the father is now left to repent of his folly.

Look not mournfully upon the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future without fear, and with a manly heart.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE LENT HALF DOLLAR.

BY REV. J. ALLEN D. D.

"What are you crying for?" said Arthur to a little ragged boy that he overtook on his way home from the village school. There was something in the kind of crying that led Arthur to think that there was some serious cause for it.

"I'm hungry," said the boy, "and I can't get nothing to eat."

He don't go to our school, or he would have said get anything to eat. But Arthur did not stop to criticize his language.

"Why don't your mother give you something to eat?"

"She hasn't anything for herself, and she is sick and can't get up."

"Where is your father?"

"I haven't any. He was drowned away off at sea."

"Drowned, you should say," and then he was sorry that he had said so, for it looked as though he did not feel for his troubles.

"Where do you live?"

"Down there," pointing to a miserable hut in a distant lane.

"Come with me, and I'll get you something," Arthur turned back, and the boy followed him. He had a few cents in his pocket, just enough, as it proved, to buy a loaf of bread. He gave it to the boy, and told him he would go home with him. The boy took the loaf, and though he did not break it, he looked at it so wistfully, that Arthur took his knife and cut off a piece and gave it to him to eat; he ate in a manner that showed that he had not deceived Arthur when he told him he was hungry. The tears came into Arthur's eyes as he saw him swallow the dry bread with such eagerness. He remembered, with some self-reproach, that he had sometimes complained when he had nothing but bread and butter for tea. On their way to the boy's home, Arthur learned that the family had moved into the place about a week before; that his mother was taken sick the day after they came, and was unable to leave her bed; that there were two children younger than himself; that their last food was eaten the day before; that his mother had sent him out to beg for the first time in his life; that the first person he asked told him beggars would be put in jail, so he was afraid to ask anybody else, but was returning home when Arthur overtook him and asked him what he was crying for.

Arthur went in, and saw a good looking woman on the bed, with two small children, crying, by her side. As he opened the door, he heard the oldest say, "Do mamma, give me something to eat." They stopped crying when Arthur and the boy came in. The boy ran to the bed, and gave his mother the loaf, and pointing to Arthur, said, "He brought it for me."

"Thank you," said the woman, "may God bless and give you the bread of eternal life."

The oldest little girl jumped up and down in her joy, and the youngest tried to seize the loaf, and struggled hard to do so, but did not speak. Seeing that the widow's hands were weak, Arthur took the loaf and cut off a piece for the youngest first, and then for the girl and the boy. He gave the loaf to the widow. She ate a small piece, and then closed her eyes, and seemed to be engaged in silent prayer.

"She must be one of the Lord's poor," thought Arthur. "I'll go and get something else for you as quick as I can," said Arthur, and he departed.

He went to Mrs. Berton's who lived near and told her the story; and she immediately sent some milk, and bread; and tea and sugar, and butter, and sent word she would come herself, as soon as she got the baby asleep.

Arthur had half a dollar at home, which he wished to give to the poor woman. His father gave it to him for watching sheep, and told him he must not spend it, but put it out at interest, or trade with it, so as to make something. He knew his father would not let him give it away, for he was not a Christian and thought of little else than of saving and making money. Arthur's mother died when he was an infant, but with her last breath she gave him the God.

When Arthur was five years old, he was sent to school to a pious teacher, who cared for his soul; and knowing that he had no teacher at home, she took unusual pains to instruct him in the principles of religious truth. The Holy Spirit helped her efforts, and before he was eight years of age, there was reason to hope that he had been born again.

Arthur was now in his tenth year. He considered how he should help the poor widow, and at length he hit upon a plan which proved successful.

His father was very desirous that he should begin to act for himself in business matters; such as making bargains. He did not wish him to ask his advice in so doing, but to go by his own judgment. After the business was done, he would show him whether it was wise or not; but never censure him, lest he should discourage him from acting on his own responsibility.

In view of these facts, Arthur formed his plan.

"Farther, may I lend my half dollar?"

"To some spendthrift, boy!"

"I won't lend it without good security."

The father was pleased that his son had the idea of good security in his head; he would not inquire what it was for; he wished Arthur to decide that for himself. He told him to lend it, but be careful not to lose it.

"I'll be sure about that," said Arthur.

Arthur took his half dollar and ran to the poor widow and gave it to her, and came away before she had time to thank him.

At night, his father asked him if he had put out his money.

"Yes, sir," said Arthur.

"Who did you lend it to?"

"I gave it to a starving widow in Mr. Hare's house."

There was a frown gathering on his father's brow as he said, "Do you call that lending?"

ing? Did you not ask my permission to lend it? Have I a son that will deceive me?"

"No, sir," said Arthur, "I did lend it."

He opened his Bible, that he had ready with his fingers on the place. "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord," I lent it to the Lord, and I call that written promise good security."

"Lent it to the Lord! He will never pay you."

"Yes, he will—he says he will repay again."

"I thought you had more sense," said his father, but this was not said in an angry tone. The truth was the old man was pleased with the ingenuity, as he called it, of his boy. He did not wish to discourage that. So he took out his purse, and handed Arthur half a dollar. "Here, the Lord will never pay—I must, or you will never see your money again."

"Thank you, sir," said Arthur. "In my way of thinking," said Arthur to himself, "the Lord has paid me and much sooner than I expected, too; I didn't hardly expect that he would pay me in money. The hearts of all men are in his hands, and the gold and silver are his; he has disposed my father to pay it to me. I'll lend it again."

Arthur kept up the habit of lending his spare money to the Lord all his days, and he was paid fourfold and often several times over.

A very safe way of lending money is that of lending it to the Lord.—New York Observer.

SCENE IN A COURT HOUSE.

I have scarcely witnessed one, of any character, these four years past. I went into a Court House, the last week, to witness the closing defence of a criminal trial—I was mortified and ashamed to see a young barrister, acting for the government, display the zeal of a pirate partizan, for the conviction of the prisoner. Partizan zeal is tolerable in the contending counsel in a civil suit,—where nothing but money is at stake on either side. But here the result was to be the State Prison on the one side, to a young man with a family of little children,—and on the other a successful attempt of the Government to rescue a citizen from punishment, which is the legal duty of the State, I hold, whenever it possibly can. The law presumes innocence, and the State ought to keep good the presumption, if possible, against the complainant in its behalf. But the young counsellor seemed to labor to procure the unfortunate prisoner's conviction. I would not attribute any worse motive to him than a desire to establish a professional reputation. That he could attempt this, at such a risk of the prisoner, seemed to me hard hearted. I have thought highly of the profession of the Law compared with divinity; but really it is a cruel one. He was a young, educated man—gentlemanly dressed, and apparently in easy circumstances; struggling before a jury, agonizing almost, to get them to send a poor fellow, three or four years, to the State Prison. He might as kindly have murdered him on the spot. Himself would rather be shot dead, than sent there. And so, evidently, had the wretched prisoner. The Counsellor, the Jury and the Court did not seem to care any more about him than if he had been a carcass they were experimenting on, in galvanism. The Jury seemed quite at ease, as though they had nothing very trying to themselves on their minds. The Judge appeared desirous of discharging his part creditably,—anxious for the Law, but not at all troubled lest that young man, the prisoner, should be torn from his family and sent to the State Prison. He might have been troubled about it,—but it did not appear. Perhaps if he had cared any thing about the fate of the prisoner, it would have disqualified him to pass sentence.

I went in, in the afternoon, to hear the verdict of the Jury; for I could not stay to witness the efforts of the young counsel for the State. While the jury delayed, I heard the rattling of chains, and an officer came in, conducting two convicted men to receive their sentence. They were chained together. One of them had been convicted of passing a counterfeit dollar, and the other of altering a promissory note. The latter was said to be a man of hitherto irreproachable character; and he looked the very picture of despair. His entrance and the rattling of his chain, and his countenance of death attracted but little attention, and apparently awakened no sympathy at all. I was a spectator. I will not say any thing of my own feelings. They were undoubtedly morbid. The Clerk at length called the men by name and read them their sentence. It was serious to them, but the clerk did not seem to be aware of it. He read it audibly and accurately, and with proper emphasis. It assigned one of the men to three days solitary confinement, and three years hard labor,—the other to six days solitary confinement, and eight years hard labor, in the State Prison. This man has a wife and seven children. When his sentence was read, he settled down in his box, as if he had received a bullet in his bosom, and his countenance looked as I should suppose a man's would who had received a mortal gun-shot wound. The Judge, in a very quiet business like way said, "Mr. Sheriff let the prisoners be remanded." He then proceeded in the same tone, to decide a motion for a continuance of a civil suit, about which two attorneys were talking to him. They none of them, seemed to be aware of what had happened to the men in chains. And when the officer conducted them out, one of them looking more like a dead man than a living, I almost wished he was a dead man, for his sake and his family's—and their chains rattled on the court-house floor—it escaped the notice of the Judge and the attorneys altogether. They were engaged in effecting that continuance. Those prisoners came to Concord in the same stage with me. I talked with the Sheriff about them. He said he never had seen a man suffer like the man I last mentioned. I went to him, upon the top of the stage, and tried to impart some little gleams of consolation to him. I told him the warden of the Prison was a very humane and kind-hearted man, and he would not be treated as prisoners formerly were treated—and that there

was a good deal of sympathy felt for him—it was like consoling the dead. He tried to thank me; for he saw I had some feeling for him,—but, oh, said he, you can't help me. He said it in the tones of absolute despair. I could not help him, sure enough—but I thought it might abate his misery a little to know that I pitied him. The stage landed him at the prison gate, before carrying me to my home, and I saw the wretched man enter the stone house. He followed the officer without seeming to notice any object. I don't know as it is allowable to manifest the little interest I do here, for a convicted and sentenced man—with the State's chain about his ankle. It would disgrace, probably any paper but mine. But I thought I would say thus much about him.

When that man comes out of that prison again, his children will most of them; be grown up, and he will be altered some as well as they. May be his wife will not be living.—Beverly Herald of Freedom.

From the Temperance Record—Extra.

CONFESSION OF JOHN B. GOUGH.

Mr. Gough appeared before the committee at the hour appointed. His appearance was much as heretofore with the exception of a fallen and softened expression of countenance, which became him on so peculiar an occasion. Having been requested to speak, he gave utterance to the following confession, which was pronounced in a firm and manly, but modest tone:—

Beloved Brethren,—To me this occasion seems so extraordinary—it is so different from what I, and you too, had any reason to expect, a few days ago—that you must bear with me if my manner and matter also should appear rather confused. Indeed, (said the speaker, much affected, and leaning against the wall,) I am not well!

[No language could convey to the reader an idea of the tone in which these last words were uttered, nor of the thrilling effect that they had upon his auditors.]

I say not well—I speak not of physical illness; but it is here—Oh! my God! it is here—(he laid his hand upon his heart) who shall say what a day may bring forth! Ah! dearly have I learned to appreciate the sacred injunction of the invincible Paul—"Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall!" I have, indeed, preached to others, and have myself become a castaway! If man never forgives me—for I have no right to expect forgiveness from man—I, in my present low estate, do still hear a voice from Calvary; I hear those blessed tones of mercy—"My grace is sufficient for thee!" (Here the eloquent speaker covered his face with his hands, and burst into a flood of tears.)

Who says that my disgrace is a disgrace to the glorious cause of temperance? Who says that my unworthy apostasy—no, no, I will not use that word. Who says that my temptation and my weakness entail dishonor upon the great cause of which I have been so unworthy an advocate? Let us, if any there be, compare the loss and the gain—Let them call up the hosts of redeemed men and women; let them summon the wives and children who, in every town, by the seaside and by the woods, in city and country, bless God every morning that they rise, and every evening that they lay down, for the glorious pledge—that pledge which snatched a father and a husband from the arms of ruin—that drove back the rushing wave from their dwellings—that raised the fallen man from the mire pit and placed his feet upon a rock.

Would they compare my single fault with all this redemption? who looks at the sun to see one spot upon his disc, and then swears there is no daylight because that glorious orb contains a few obscurations upon its surface?

Nay, what is my own case in connection with the Great Temperance Cause? what is a fly upon the mill-wheel? what is a drop in the ocean?

Have I, indeed, given evidence of my sincerity? Oh, let those who think so, if accustomed to the intoxicating cup—let them try but for one year, for one month, or for one week, to conquer the inextinguishable thirst that consumes their being—they will learn how much sincerity is required to abstain, for a short time, from the seductive bowl!

Beloved Brethren! I could not say less, but I must proceed with my narrative. You are already aware—and thanks to the intemperate editors, the public are pretty generally aware, of the situation in which I was found. It is necessary that I give a detailed account of the facts. I could well wish to be spared this duty; but like the Spartan boy, I must nerve myself to endure it, though the fire eat into my heart.

In the city of New York there is a little edifice, at the corner of Centre and Reade streets, of unique construction, being made up principally of glass lights. Here I repaired to get a glass of soda with a friend who had invited me, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, as I believe he was guiltless of any evil intention. The soda was drawn for me; but the man had no syrup in his shop, and used Lucie Cordial as a substitute.

Such was the peculiar effect of this cordial upon me, that I lost the use of my reasoning faculties to a great degree; my old appetite for ardent spirits revived in me as if some infernal demon had been permitted to lash the marinating helm of my judgment—thrown away the compass—and then let loose all the winds of heaven upon my pilotless bark. As I walked down Centre street I felt the most intense desire for women and wine. As I passed the taverns and bar rooms, I could scarcely resist the inclination to rush in and satisfy my craving appetite.

In passing Dothan's corner, I met a young woman, an acquaintance of some years' standing, who was tying her shoe. Being dark, I accidentally touched her elbow in passing. She then reciprocated me and called me by name; I stopped, and after a moment's conversation, she requested me to call with her and see a fallen sister whom she was desirous of rescuing from the abyss of ruin. As it is a part of my mission to redeem the lost, and to raise the fallen, I gladly consented, although myself standing on the very precipice, that overhangs the vortex. I entered with her a house in Walker street, where I found an elderly lady and the sister of my female companion. After a tedious conversation, a feeling hardly to be described in words came over me—the burning, raging appetite for liquor. The little which was found in the house only added to the flame. I gave money to a young woman, and procured more; and here my memory fails. What happened afterwards, I can no more tell than the maniac who struggles with his chains to the asylum for maniacs. From that moment all is chaos.

My example, more than words, bids "him that standeth, take heed lest he fall."

I hope to be again in the field. I hope to stand before the public with all my wounds and bruises upon me—a monument of the mercy of God! I hope to do more than I have ever yet done—to wrest the sceptre from King Alcohol, and trample in the dust the mighty foe, from which I am delivered.

RESPECT FOR CONSISTENCY.—Some time since two heathen boys were brought to this country to obtain a Christian education. The evil of rum-drinking had been so impressed upon their minds by our Missionaries, as to render it, in their estimation, incompatible with the purity of religion. On landing, they were invited to share a pleasant home with a citizen distinguished for hospitality, whose kindness they amply repaid by their cheerful, artless manners. During their stay, the host was visited by a distinguished clergyman, whom he, in a most affectionate manner, introduced to the boys as a "Misanthrope," (adopting their own pronunciation.) The boys seemed awe-struck with the presence of so high a dignitary, and seated themselves in a distant part of the room, silent and reserved. At length the host stepped to the sideboard and got the welcome decanter for his guest. No sooner had the clergyman taken a draught than the spell was dissolved, and springing from their seats they moved off, saying, "He no Misanthrope! Misanthrope no drink rum!"

O. M. E. CONFERENCE.—The large body of Ministers composing this Conference, convened at Cincinnati on Wednesday morning a week. Bishop Handley is the presiding officer, and the Rev. J. M. Tibbels was elected Secretary. The various committees were appointed & reports referred to subcommittees. On Thursday morning, Bishop Scott, who adheres to the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, was invited to take the chair. The conference was not willing to recognize him as the presiding officer, and adopted a resolution by an almost unanimous vote, expressing it as "inexpedient and highly improper," for Bishops who have separated themselves from the jurisdiction of the Methodist Episcopal Church, to preside at any conference composing said church.

Strive to be pure in thought, if our mind is free from evil, our actions will be strong; let us never intend, much less commit a wrong act.

Man lives in light, moves in light, and is long in love.

AGENTS FOR THE "HUGLE."

NEW GARDEN—David L. Gelbreath.

COLUMBIANA—Lot Holmes.

COOL SPRING—T. Ellwood Thomas.

MARLBORO—Dr. K. G. Vickers.

BERLIN—Jacob H. Barnes.

CANFIELD—John Wetmore.

LOWELLVILLE—Dr. Butler.

POLAND—Christopher Lee.

YOUNGSTOWN—J. S. Johnson.

NEW LYNN—Hiram B. Rees.

AKRON—Thomas P. Beach.

NEW LISBON—George Garretson.

CINCINNATI—William Donaldson.

SALINEVILLE—James Farmer.

EAST FAIRFIELD—John Marsh.

FALLSTON Pa.—Joseph B. Coale.

Anti Slavery Publications.

J. ELIZABETH WINTERBORN has just received and has now for sale at her boarding house, Sarah Galbreath's, west end of High st., the

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THE CONSTITUTION A PRO-SLAVERY COMPACT, or SELECTIONS FROM THE MADISON PAPERS.

This work contains the discussions on the subject of Slavery in the Convention that framed the Constitution. Those who wish to know the character of that instrument and the design of those who framed it, would do well to examine the Madison Papers. Price, 25 cents.

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